

A Family Affair

BY HUGH CONWAY.

CHAPTER XXIX—CONTINUED.

Mr. Carruthers was not one of the inner circle of art worshippers. His salient, his sturdy and frank, his emotional days, were well over before the era of blue and white china. He had no rhapsodies, written or spoken, to arise hereafter and prick his conscience. He had not bowed his knee to the intense, nor sacrificed on the altar of the incomprehensible. He was fond of pictures as pictures, and was bold enough to say he liked what he did like and that he disliked what he did dislike. Hence it will be at once seen that his opinion was worth nothing to any one except himself.

Having found the knowledge not indispensable, he could not like many men, check off on his fingers the principal productions of the grand old masters and name the spot of earth on which each one could be found. But like the man, who, when challenged to hunt, replied, "I don't fight myself, but I have a little friend who can," and forthwith struck down his challenger with a short, stout poker, Mr. Carruthers, if he did not know these things himself, had a friend who knew.

This friend was Mr. Burnett, a recognized art authority. Now it is an accepted truth that an art authority is, in fact, not a man, but a name. You have discovered the method of manufacture. He stands upon the world, full grown, the great mother Art's exponent. He is recognized. He is kind and brilliant. He takes our hands and guides us, shows us what to praise and what to blame. We are grateful, and if we are rich, regulate our purchases according to his word.

Frank found Mr. Burnett at his home, writing—critiques on the recently opened exhibitions most likely. Burnett was a tall man, at least six feet high. He was portly and filled his round-backed study chair most thoroughly. His face was round and clean-shaven. He was slightly bald. His eyes were blue and looked at you in a way which gave promise of humor. Taking him altogether he was the last man whom, judging by his writings or renown, you would have expected to Mr. Burnett, and a certain artist was off to some of his views, spoils of him as an "emancipated apostle of aestheticism" could not have enjoyed his personal acquaintance.

"Why, Carruthers?" he said, in a soft but rich voice. "So it is, I haven't seen you for an age. Sit down, my dear fellow. Have a smoke?" He pushed across the cigar box. The cigar box or its substitute, the cigarette box, is in the social transactions of modern life rapidly taking the place once filled by the snuff box of our respected ancestors.

"Got a book coming out," continued Burnett. "Your publisher told me about it. They expect great things of it. Don't know that you ought to build on that. Oh, yes, my dear Carruthers"—Frank was about to speak—but Carruthers interrupted him. "I'll do anything I can for you. I am afraid it won't be much. But I think it's better to let every tub stand on its own bottom. If this thing is of—"

Here Carruthers managed to slip in a word. "I didn't know I'd asked you to do anything."

"But you're going to. A man who turns up after a long absence always comes to ask for something. I was only anticipating your request. I always consent beforehand when I can. Every one has to consent to do what he's asked. It shows much greater delicacy to forestall the demand."

"At any rate I didn't come to talk about my book."

"Impossible, my dear Carruthers! A first book, and not want to talk about it? Is modesty not yet extinct? Do talk about it—it's unnatural not to do so."

"Confound it!" said Carruthers. "Will you listen? I came to ask—"

"I knew you came to ask something, my grief is that I did not guess what." "You know a great deal about pictures, don't you?" said Carruthers, not retreating the interruption.

Burnett wheeled round and looked at his friend. His eyes twinkled. "Ah, my dear Carruthers, there you have me. That is a question I ask myself day and night. Do I know a great deal about pictures? In confidence, my life would be happier if I could answer that question. My good fellow, the specter, the Frankenstein that haunts my existence is the dread that some day I shall find a work of the skies and find too late, too late, that it is a bad copy. This, Carruthers, is an anxiety you will be ever spared. Answer your own question for me and you will make me a happier man."

Frank laughed. "Well, you're supposed to know a great deal."

"That is a much better way off putting it. I can answer that without outraging modesty. Supporting then that I am supposed to know—what follows?"

"I want to—"

"My dear Carruthers, my question was one of those interpolated phrases

which an orator uses for the purpose of answering himself. I know perfectly well what you want. You have been in a shop in some back slum, or it may be, at a sale, a piece of old bronzes or copper covered with certain elements. You have bought it for a song. You have taken it home, looked at it in every light, you have wetted your fingers and rubbed them over portions of your purchase and have found hidden beauties. You have looked through a magnifying glass and tried to find a signature. Now don't interrupt me, my dear fellow, I know the whole process. Belief as to the enormous value of your purchase has grown upon you, but you are not quite satisfied, so you have come to show it to me, and at this moment a cab is standing at my door with your picture in it. Don't bother to carry it up. If you insist upon my looking at it just go down and hold it up; I'll look out of the window."

"I didn't come in a cab," said Carruthers.

"Ah, then it's too large to bring to me. So much the worse for you, Carruthers. It's in your rooms of course, resting on a chair, in a strong light. Oh, yes, I'll look round some morning. You generally smoke good cigars and I suppose keep a drink handy. Don't apologize for troubling me. It will be no trouble. But about the picture; put it in your bedroom with its face to the wall. I needn't look at it. I can give my opinion without seeing it. I assure you it is not genuine, my dear Carruthers—they never are."

"As I have not bought any pictures," began Carruthers.

"Oh, it's one you're going to buy, is it? Do you know, my dear Carruthers, I should be careful if I were you. I wouldn't go beyond five pounds unless it is a Titian, a Guido, a Raphael, or a Michelangelo. Then you might go to seven. Seven pounds is a nice limit for a picture buyer. I know a man who got together a charming gallery of old masters on a seven pound limit. Funny thing too, he had several genuine works in it."

"Lucky man!" said Frank, who began to see that he must let his friend go to the length of his tether. Mr. Burnett was not a rapid speaker, but a continuous and sustained one. He was one of those men whose words flew out so softly, so richly and so pleasantly that it seems sacrilege to stop them.

"I don't see the luck, my dear Carruthers. His pictures cost him seven pounds apiece and would no doubt sell for seven pounds apiece. Of course it never occurred to you that a picture to fetch money must be more than genuine. It must have a pedigree. A picture with a pedigree sells for Heaven knows what, although it isn't genuine. My dear fellow, I know a man who gave twenty-two thousand pounds for a couple of pictures. They were bought abroad for six thousand, sent over in a special steamer. My friend heard about them, and being afraid some one would forestall him, went down to Dover to meet them. He gave a check for the money without even unswearing the cases. What do you think of that?"

"The dealer guaranteed the pictures," I suppose."

"Guaranteed! How simple you are, Carruthers! Who can guarantee a picture except the artist who painted it? No, he guaranteed that the cases contained two pictures which had hung in a nobleman's residence in a certain place, and which had formerly hung in another place, and which had belonged to so and so, and which were the two identical pictures mentioned by Horace Walpole or somebody else, as two of the finest examples of a certain artist, and so back and back. There was an unbroken pedigree. Well, my dear Carruthers, I was present when my friend opened the cases. That was because I knew the pictures, and could assure him he had the right ones. I had, of course, seen them before, and when I saw them I knew I had the advantage of the reputed artist—he never saw them."

"You told your friend so, of course." "Certainly not. Who am I to dispute the verdict of those who went before me? The pictures were established. My dear fellow, besides, my friend had a very good bargain. If his collection is ever sold they will fetch thirty thousand. But I'd stick to the seven pound limit if I were you. And now about this picture you want to buy?"

"I haven't the slightest intention of buying any picture."

"My dear Carruthers, I hope I have not deterred you. I hope I have not tipped the incident bud of art love."

"I say, Burnett," said Frank, growing desperate. "If you'd only condescend to listen—"

"Listen!" said Burnett with mock respect. "My dear fellow, haven't I listened to every word you have said? Haven't I tried to counsel you to the best of my ability? Well, go on!"

"Do you know any picture called the Madonna di Tempi?" asked Carruthers brightly, and happy to get the question out at last.

"A picture called the Madonna di Tempi," echoed Burnett. "That's a good broad order, Carruthers. Now, who may that picture be by? An artist's name might aid my memory."

"If I knew the artist's name I

shouldn't come bothering you. I should get my information first hand from Pilkington's Dictionary or what you use."

"No doubt you could. Any one can find information if he knows where to look for it. On that self you will find caricatures of all the European galleries. You can take them and look them through. About a week's employment I should say."

"I can't spare the time," said Frank. "If you can't tell me I will go and ask someone else. Only I thought you knew every picture in Europe."

Burnett's eyes twinkled. He laid his hand on Frank's arm. "My dear Carruthers," he said, "let me entreat you for your own sake not to go rushing about and proclaiming your ignorance of art matters. Let that secret be deposited with me alone. I will guard it reverently."

"Tell me where the picture is," said Frank.

Burnett stretched out his arm and took a book off a shelf. He opened it and read as follows:

"Both in tone and execution this beautiful work is closely allied to the celebrated Madonna of the House of Orleans. The colors are laid on thinly with a somewhat fuller impasto in the central light. It is impossible to recognize a more glossy finish united to more subtle modeling, or greater purity of colors of the richest tints and most dazzling brightness. It is characterized by plump form, soft blending and spare impasto of flesh, bashed in vapors and made transparent by delicate glazes. It is a true touch of nature which makes the mother accompany the embrace with a look of tender affection, while the child receives the caress more mechanically and goes straight out of the picture?"

"There, my dear Carruthers, do you recognize it? Is that your picture?" Frank fell into the humor. "It must be," he said, gravely. "The plump form, the spare impasto, the bath of vapor. There cannot be two such. But see my doubts at rest."

"And you, I see it is called the Madonna di Tempi. Painted by Raphael. You have heard of Raphael, Carruthers?"

"Where is it?" asked Frank quickly.

"It is in the Old Pinakothek."

"In the what?"

"My dear Carruthers, how ignorant you are. I thought you studied Greek at Oxford—Pinakothek is derived from a Greek word."

"I know all that, but where is it?"

"My dear Carruthers, you asked me what not where. I was answering your question."

"But what is it?"

What Certified Milk Is. A society of medical men in Philadelphia has undertaken to have furnished for children milk which they can certify as being of uniform high quality.

This certified milk is produced by healthy cows under the clearest and most wholesome conditions; is handled with the greatest care, is kept cool and when delivered it contains few bacteria and will remain sweet and wholesome for a much longer time than the ordinary milk. It is reliable because its production is supervised by frequent inspections, not only of the product but the system of production. These inspections are made by a veterinarian, a chemist and bacteriologist appointed by a commission. The cost of producing such milk is from 6 to 7 cents per quart. It sells in the retail market in Philadelphia for from 12 to 15 cents per quart. The demand for certified milk is constantly increasing, although not at a rapid rate.

A Desperate Case.

A woman's cry of distress attracted the attention of a policeman the other night as he stood waiting for a car in a quiet and orderly neighborhood on Eighth street. At the sound the policeman ran up the street and into a yard, reports the Kansas City Journal. A man and woman were struggling on the porch steps. The sergeant gripped his club and rushed through the front gate.

When the policeman reached the porch the man was holding her arm as though to prevent her from getting away, while her waist was torn from her shoulders and her hair was streaming down her back. The policeman seized the man roughly.

"Are you trying to murder the woman?" asked the policeman.

"Wait a minute," said the man, in encouraging tones, that made the policeman wonder.

The struggle lasted but a few moments longer, and the woman blushing fastened her waist while the man explained.

"This is my wife," he said. "We were just sitting out here and one of those big electric light bugs got down her back. We were just trying to get it out when you came up. It was a big bug and she was badly frightened."

"Why were you holding her so tightly?" asked the policeman, a trifle dubious.

"I was holding the bug," he said.

Lighting change artist—the cashier.

HE IS NO FOOL.

Lawson a Smarter Man Than People Give Him Credit For.

"Thomas W. Lawson is a smarter man than most people give him credit for. He is well thought of by many of the workers in 'Newspaper row' in Boston, and Boston newspaper men are no fools. When he began his 'Frenzied Finance' articles he said to the young publishers of Everybody's Magazine, Thayer and Ridgway, that Everybody's should have a circulation of a million within a year. This seemed preposterous, for at that time the circulation of Everybody's was down around the 200,000 mark. The other day I received a letter from Mr. Thayer, in which he said Everybody's for December had over 600,000 circulation. 'What is pushing Everybody's Magazine outside of its actual merits?' 'Advertising.' 'What force outside of Tom Lawson's?' 'Advertising.' 'What force outside of actual merit in the store and stock most quickly builds up a business?' 'Advertising.' 'At the World's fair which concessions took the greatest amount of money?' 'The greatest advertisers.' 'The inside inn was reputed to have taken in from the beginning of the fair until October 31 the sum of \$1,341,600. If you noticed, the inside inn was easily one of the best advertised features in connection with the World's fair.' 'The Boer war took in considerable over half a million dollars in receipts. Why? Well, the Boer war was the best advertised amusement in connection with the World's fair.' 'The World's fair features which were best advertised too in the most money?' 'Advertising should never be looked upon as an expense, but when properly done as an investment that invariably pays handsome dividends.'—St. Louis Star.

POINTED DPARAGRAPHS.

Popular opinion is the most flimsy thing on earth. Some men get good only when they get too old to be bad.

The compliments women fish for are not worth catching.

Fortunate is the woman who has many compliments and few diseases.

A man is seldom afflicted with the big head unless he has a little heart.

A homely figure in petticoats may have a handsome figure in the bank.

If some men didn't have money women would have no excuse for marrying them.

The average married man can't understand how Carnegie managed to save so much money.

Posterity may see that justice is done a man, but he would rather attend the trial in person.

When a young man is convinced that there is nothing too good for a certain girl he offers himself to her.

Women seem to think the way to show men how easy a time they have running their business is to tell them all the troubles about running the house when they come home.—Chicago News.

An Expert Counter of Money.

As expert money counter for the United States treasury department, the specialty of Mrs. Willa A. Leonard is the detection of counterfeit. This work is in addition to the regular work of the office. All doubtful notes are referred to her. Whenever any of the experts come across money which puzzles them, they send it to Mrs. Leonard for decision, and if genuine, she stamps it "good," thus assuming all responsibility; if counterfeit, it is properly marked, and returned to the sender to be forwarded by him to the Secret Service, and there destroyed. As not only the fastest, but the most accurate counter, Mrs. Leonard does not, as a rule, count new money, but notes that have grown old and worn from much use, or have become so frayed that they have been sent in to be exchanged for new ones. She has counted more money than would pay off the national debt, and although, under the rules of the department, the slightest mistake in counting is charged against the salary of the counter, Mrs. Leonard has never lost a cent from such a cause.—The Pilgrim for March.

It is said that there is no better or simpler way of testing suspected water than the following: Fill a clean pint bottle nearly full of the water to be tested, and dissolve in it half a teaspoonful of loaf or granulated sugar. Cork the bottle and keep in a warm place two days. If the water becomes cloudy or milky within forty-eight hours it is unfit for domestic use.

Some wood ashes now placed about the trees and bushes and forked in a little will benefit them during the spring rains.

MILLARD FILLMORE'S GRAVE.

In Obscure Corner of a Buffalo Cemetery—None of His Family Living.

In an obscure corner of Forest Lawn Cemetery, with little to distinguish it from the hundreds of other silent mounds that dot this city of the dead, is the grave of Millard Fillmore, former president of the United States, and now almost forgotten, though he lived in an age just back over the threshold of the present generation. He was the most prominent member of the Fillmore family, which is now extinct, and was one of the leading men of Buffalo, the state and the nation forty-five years ago. In spite of the fact that he was at one time the chief executive of the greatest nation, says the Buffalo News, in his own city and in the haunts he loved so well his memory has almost faded.

Today Castle Inn on Niagara Square is pointed out as the home of Millard Fillmore, and one room is kept with the same furnishings that adorned it during his occupancy. But this is not the house that is of greatest historic interest, as the greatest part of Fillmore's life was spent in the old home at 180 Franklin street.

Fillmore was an ideal husband and his devotion to his wife was a matter of comment, as was likewise his extreme courtliness. One occasion he was invited with his wife to the home of a friend to spend a social evening. Previous to going Mrs. Fillmore had plucked a bouquet from her own conservatory and on her arrival she was mortified to find she had forgotten it. Fillmore noticed it and without making any one the wiser, he slipped out of a side entrance, and going to his home procured the flowers and greatly surprised his wife by presenting them to her.

It is a fact not generally known that Millard Fillmore was the founder of the magnificent library that adorns the White House. Both Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore were lovers of books and reading was one of their chief recreations. When he took up his residence at the White House there was not even so much as a Bible in the house. Fillmore resolved to change this, and one of his first acts was to ask an appropriation from congress for a library. It was immediately granted.

In 1858 Fillmore married a second time, taking for his bride Mrs. Caroline McIntosh. The wedding took place in the old Schuyler mansion in Albany. When he returned to this city with his bride he purchased the house on Niagara square, the part nearest Niagara street and Delaware avenue being the original mansion. He lived there to the time of his death, but did not again take up the practice of law, as at that time there was a tradition that it was not in keeping with the dignity of a former president to enter upon any business.

A rather unpleasant incident occurred during the progress of the civil war when the Fillmore residence on Niagara square was attacked by an angry mob. It happened on a night when all the city was celebrating a Federal victory and every home was draped with the American flag. A crowd of young boys of rather lawless inclinations surged through the streets, cheering and shouting in their enthusiasm. Some youngsters noticed that no colors adorned the Fillmore mansion and innocently shied a stone in that direction. It was like dropping a match in a powder barrel. Every hoodlum in the crowd stooped and picked up a handful of mud and sent it in the direction of the house. It took less than two minutes to plaster the handsome residence of the former president from gable to foundation, and ever after the flags on the Fillmore mansion were the first to be hung to the breeze in celebration of victories.

Back in 1848 a huge iron basket was used to cross the Niagara Gorge while a bridge was in process of building. Miss Jane Redfield, a young lady of a leading Batavia family, declared her intention of crossing the gorge in the basket. Rather than let the young woman go alone, Fillmore entered the basket and accompanied her on the trip. The basket is now preserved in the collection of the Buffalo Historical Society.

Millard Fillmore was the first president of the Buffalo Historical Society, first chancellor of the University of Buffalo, and president of the Buffalo Club. He suffered a stroke of apoplexy and died suddenly on March 8, 1874.—New York Sun.

"Throggins, isn't that little flirtation between you and Miss Pompey doing beginning to look serious?"

"It is, Ruggles; more serious than I thought. She told me last night I mustn't take her out to the theater or bring her costly bouquets any more—that it was time for me to begin to save money."—Chicago Tribune.

It is a fact not generally known that Chrysanthemums and Geraniums can be grown in the same pot without fear of mixing.

Hundreds of tons of Egyptian rags are exported every year into the United States to supply the paper mills.

DR. COE'S SANITARIUM.



Located at 16th and Wyandotte Sts.

ESTABLISHED 1888. Organized with a full staff of physicians and nurses for treatment of all Chronic Diseases, THIRTY ROOMS for accommodation of patients. Difficult Surgical Operations Performed with Skill and Success when surgery is necessary.

DISEASES OF WOMEN.

Well equipped to treat diseases of women. Many who have suffered for years cured at once. Special home for women FREE.

Trained Attendants. Best Invalid's Home in the West. X-Ray Used in Examination. A quiet home for women during confinement, CANCER, TUMORS—No Money Until Cured.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK ON Deb Feet, Curvature of Lung, Eye, Skin, Spine, Hair Lip, Colic, Catarrh, Stomach Troubles, Nervous Diseases, etc.

VARICOCELE.

Radically Cured in Ten Days under Positive Guarantee. Send for Special FREE Book. New restorative treatment for loss of Vital Power, Hydrocele, Rupture, Stricture, etc.

DEFORMITIES CURED.

All persons crippled, deformed, lame or paralyzed should know what can be done by proper treatment for their deformities. Special attention paid to crippled children at the Sanitarium. Patients successfully treated at home by mail. Consultations Free and confidential, at 16th and Wyandotte Sts. Thirty years' experience. Illustrated Book Free giving much valuable information. Call at office or write to

DR. C. M. COE, Office, 915 Walnut St., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Read the following letters from patients treated and cured by Dr. Coe; they tell their own story:

Suffered for Twenty Years With Nervous Headache—Treated by Dr. Coe Considers Relief From Pain a Blessing—General Health Better Than It Has Been for Years—Takes Pleasure in Recommending Dr. Coe.

New City, Kas., July 6th, 1903.

Dear Dr. Coe, Kansas City, Mo. I have been suffering for twenty years with a pain in my head, and tried many remedies and doctors without relief. About four years ago I began taking treatment from you, and derived much benefit from same. My head and general health are better than for years. The relief from pain in my head is a blessing to me. You have always treated me with fairness and consideration, and I take pleasure in recommending you. Yours very truly, J. W. BLAIR.

Their Little Girl Entirely Cured of St. Vitus' Dance—Treated in 1898—Had Been Afflicted for Six Months—Was Cured in Two Months' Time.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 12, 1900.

Dr. C. M. Coe, Kansas City, Mo. Dear Sir—Our little girl is now entirely cured of St. Vitus' dance, by your treatment in 1898. She was afflicted six months. Your treatment cured her in two months' time, and she has remained well ever since. Respectfully, MAGGIE WACHSMAN, B. W. Corner 18th and Askew Sts.

After Being Sick for Eight Years and Trying Many Doctors Without Permanent Relief, She Went to Dr. Coe and Was Cured—Now Well and Doing Her Own Work—Feels That She Owe a Great Deal to Dr. Coe.

Junction City, Kas., June 20, 1902.

Dr. C. M. Coe, Kansas City, Mo. Dear Doctor—I am now well and strong since I was treated at your Sanitarium in Kansas City, and I am well and doing my own work. Have gained thirty pounds in weight. I was sick for eight years before and had tried many doctors, but never obtained any permanent relief until I was treated at your Sanitarium. I feel that I owe a great debt to you for your treatment. Yours respectfully, MRS. J. T. ROMICK.

Greatly Benefitted by Dr. Coe's Treatment—Feels Like a New Person—Treated Four Years Ago and Has Been Perfectly Well Ever Since—Had Been Ill for Ten Years Before.

Norton, Kas., June 10, 1902.

Dr. C. M. Coe, Kansas City, Mo. Dear Doctor—I will say that your treatment greatly benefited me, and made me feel like a new person. It has been four years since I was treated at your Sanitarium, and during those years I have felt perfectly well, and have done more work than I had for ten years previously. I had been ill for some ten years before, and applied to you for treatment. I recommend all sufferers to go to you. Yours truly, MRS. J. CASE.

Successfully Operated on for Hemorrhoids—Found Dr. Coe a Skillful Operator—Treatment and Accommodations at the Sanitarium All That Could Be Desired—Recommend Treatment to Other Sufferers.

Woodward, Okla., Nov. 3, 1898.

To Whom It May Concern: I underwent a surgical operation for hemorrhoids at Dr. Coe's Sanitarium, which was successful. I found Dr. Coe to be a very skillful operator. His treatment and accommodations in the Sanitarium were all that could be desired. I cheerfully recommend all sufferers to consult Dr. Coe. J. M. DYLLIS, Editor Bulletin.

Treated for Catarrh of the Bladder—Had Suffered for Years and Tried Many Remedies—None of Them Did Him the Good That Ours Did.

Knob Noster, Mo., Oct. 20, 1900.

Dr. C. M. Coe, Kansas City, Mo. Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in writing you concerning your treatment and the good it has done for me for catarrh and bladder. I suffered for years and had tried many remedies, but none ever did the good that yours has done for me. Respectfully yours, F. T. THOMPSON.

Little Joe (who has been visiting in the country)—Grandpa always milks his cows on one side.

Mamma—Which side, dear?

Little Joe—Why, the outside.—Chicago News.

The Massachusetts state organization of machinists has planned a most vigorous campaign of organizing in every section of the state.